mount in a whirlwind or deſcend in rain. And ſhould they compaſſionately invigorate his ſight and ſhew him the thorny path which led to eminence, that like a quickſand ſinks as he aſcends, diſappointing his hopes when almoſt within his graſp, would he not leave to others the honour of amuſing them, and labour to ſecure the preſent moment, though from the conſtitution of his nature he would not find it very eaſy to catch the flying ſtream? Such ſlaves are we to hope and fear!

But, vain as the ambitious man's purſuits would be, he is often ſtriving for ſomething more ſubſtantial than fame—that indeed would be the verieſt meteor, the wildeſt fire that could lure a man to ruin.—What! renounce the moſt trifling gratification to be applauded when he ſhould be no more! Wherefore this ſtruggle, whether man is mortal or immortal, if that noble paſſion did not really raiſe the being above his fellows?—

And love! What diverting ſcenes would it produce—Pantaloon's tricks muſt yield to more egregious folly. To ſee a mortal adorn an object with imaginary charms, and then fall down and worſhip the idol which he had himſelf ſet up—how ridiculous! But what

ſerious conſequences enſue to rob man of that portion of happineſs, which the Deity by calling him into exiſtence has (or, on what can his attributes reſt?) indubitably promiſed: would not all the purpoſes of life have been much better fulfilled if he had only felt what has been termed phyſical love? And, would not the ſight of the object, not ſeen through the medium of the imagination, ſoon reduce the paſſion to an appetite, if reflection, the noble diſtinction of man, did not give it force, and make it an inſtrument to raiſe him above this earthy droſs, by teaching him to love the centre of all perfection; whoſe wiſdom appears clearer and clearer in the works of nature, in proportion as reaſon is illuminated and exalted by contemplation, and by acquiring that love of order which the ſtruggles of paſſion produce?

The habit of reflection, and the knowledge attained by foſtering any paſſion, might be ſhewn to be equally uſeful, though the object be proved equally fallacious; for they would all appear in the ſame light, if they were not magnified by the governing paſſion implanted in us by the Author of all good,